Lazy Sausage

The following day, the Sandman came really slowly. He was actually dragging his feet towards Marilyn's bed and at some point it felt as if he wasn't going to make it.

"What's wrong?" Marilyn wondered.

"I will tell yoo-uu in a sec-ooond," the Sandman said very slowly and climbed onto the bed sluggishly. Marilyn was starting to get worried.

"Have you fallen ill?" She checked the Sandman's forehead for temperature and it did feel a bit hot.

"Well, I'm always a little high," the Sandman smiled. "Otherwise I wouldn't come up with these crazy stories, you know."

"But I like them," Marilyn comforted him.

"Alright. But you know I dawdled here today for a reason. The story I'm going to tell you today is about being sluggish and lazy."

"Shoot!" Marilyn made herself comfortable on the pillow and the Sandman started:

"Once upon a time, there lived a totally ordinary boy named Will. On a totally ordinary day he got the idea of stealing sausages from the shop. Nobody knows where these

kinds of thoughts come from but Will got one of those, any-way.

So Will stepped into a shop and wandered around be-tween the shelves. There were so many different kinds of sausages that he was baffled with all the choice.

"Should I take a cheese sausage?" he wondered to him-self. "Or maybe a smoked sausage? Or a half-smoked sausage or a liver sausage?"

Once Will had been stumbling back and forth in front of the sausage counter for half an hour already and touched each sausage at least twice, the security guard stepped up to him.

"Well, young man! What are you planning here, eh?"

"I'm not planning anything," Will said, apologizing. "I'm just trying to find the right sausage…"

"So all these sausages here are wrong?" the security guard inquired. "Or are you maybe one lying sausage yourself?"

Will saw that he had no other option but to quickly make up his mind about which sausage to steal. He closed his eyes, grabbed a random sausage and took it to the check-out.

There he passed the people standing in the queue and went through the check-out gate, hiding the sausage in his coat.

"Catch the thief!" the lady at the check-out screamed and the security guard was already running to help her.

Will had already reached the door by making long leaps and now dashed towards home, as fast as he cold. The security guard couldn't keep up his pace.

"Hold on!" he shouted to Will, panting.

And then something strange happened. Will's steps become sluggish, as if he had stepped into glue. With each step, his movements become slower and slower. In the end, the security guard caught Will.

"Well then, lying sausage," the security guard panted. "Let's go to the police now, right?"

He took the sausage from Will and in the package it read in capital letters LAZY SAUSAGE.

The security guard felt straight away how he was becoming lazy. He threw the sausage back to Will and ran away.

Will kept on dragging towards home and felt that he was no longer in a hurry. Once he got home, he cut himself a thick slice of Lazy Sausage and ate it with great pleasure and very slowly. The sausage was quite delicious. Being sluggish become his usual way of being so that even his best friends started calling him Sluggish Will and Lazy Sausage. He did everything very slowly and was as lazy as a bluebottle fly."

"So did he stay that way then, sluggish and lazy?" Marilyn asked.

"No, he didn't," the Sandman comforted him. "Once the sausage was finished, Will was back to being his perky self. But he didn't go stealing in the shop anymore and every time he bought something, he was careful to check the label."

Once Marilyn had no more questions, the Sandman sprinkled some sleep sand in her eye. Then he got up, stretched himself and got going, a whole lot faster than he had come.